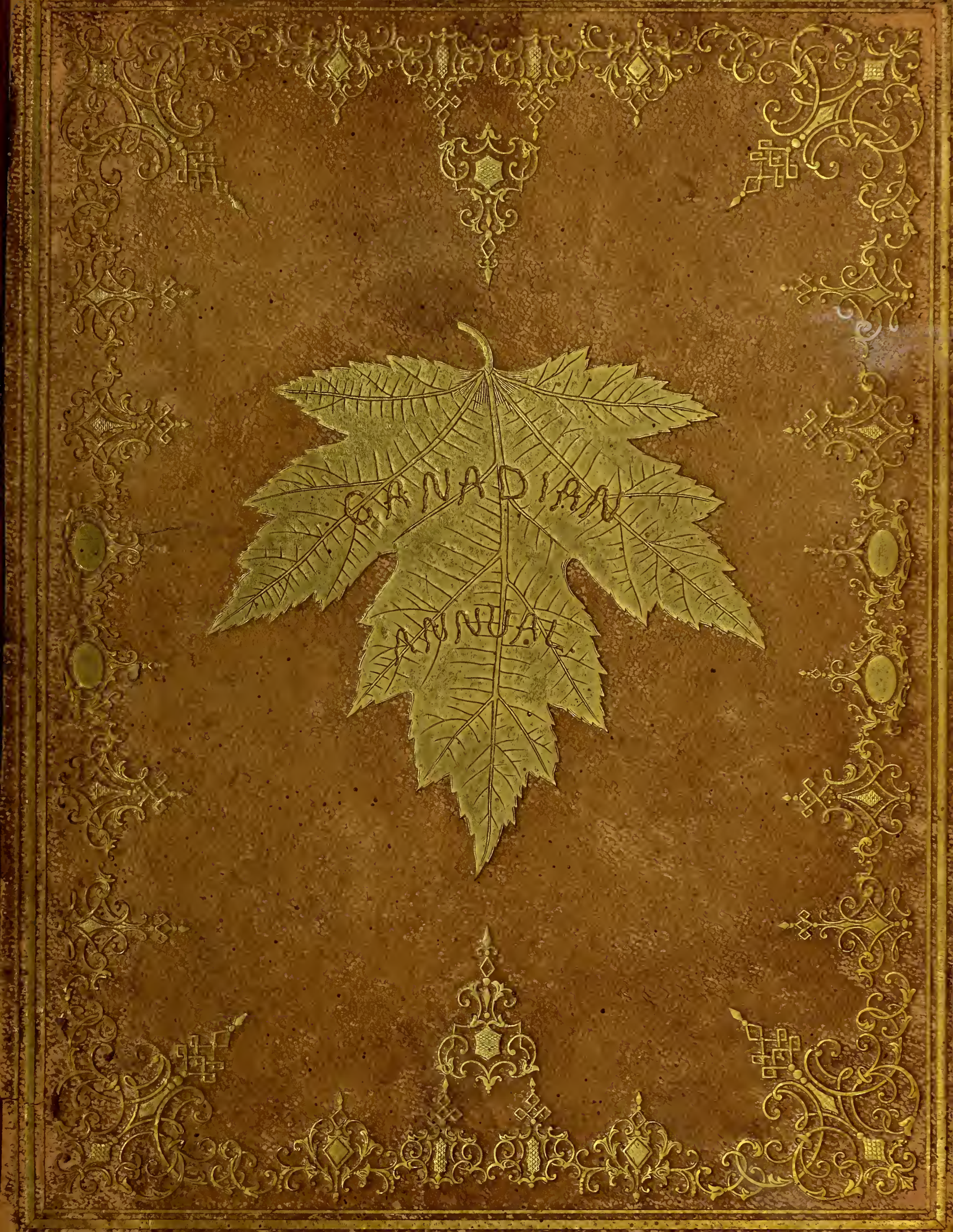
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Eng. Lit. M

The Maple Leaf

or

Canadian Annual

A

Literary Souvenir

for

1847

TORONTO

HENRY ROWSELL.

KING STREET.

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PREFACE.

In the present publication, an attempt has been made to introduce amongst us that combination, of Pen and Pencil Sketches, which has been so eminently successful in the Mother-country.

Humble as are the pretensions of this Volume, it is confidently believed, that the Canadian public will not receive it without gratification, as the first specimen of an Annual, which has as yet appeared in the Province. The principal object of those, under whose care the Series has been commenced, is to assist in promoting the diffusion of a taste for Literature and Art. Of the different modes of attaining this object, which suggested themselves, they selected that which has been adopted—the publication of a yearly volume, suitable for presents—as the most likely to be permanently successful. In this way, they conceived, the soft influences of the refined taste, which they desired to spread, would make surer and more rapid progress, being borne on the wings of Friendship or of Love.

In consequence of the lateness of the period, at which the publication was announced, it was found impossible to obtain contributions from the more distant parts of the Province in sufficient time. All the merit or demerit, therefore, of the following pages belongs to Toronto alone.

To those kind friends, who presented unpublished productions of British authors, whose very names would have done honour to our little

work, we beg to offer our warmest thanks, and trust that they will not infer from our not having availed ourselves of them, that we are insensible either to the feelings which influenced the donors, or the charms which characterised the gifts. There is but one reason for their omission. When we formed the idea of offering to Canada a literary wreath, we determined that the only hands, which should weave the garland, should be those of her Children by birth or by adoption, and that no flowers, however lovely, should be twined with "the maple leaf," but those that had blossomed amidst her forests. We felt the more desirous of adhering to this determination in the literary department, as all our engraved illustrations are the produce of the parent soil.

It is the intention of the Publisher to add every year fresh attractions to the Annual, should his undertaking continue to be favourably received, and arrangements are already in progress for enriching the next volume with two views of Canadian scenery.

E.

King's College, Toronto,
December 12, 1846.

ROWSELL AND THOMPSON, PRINTERS, TORONTO.

THE QUEEN.

Bright cluster of our island flowers!
Sparkling with dews of life's fresh hours,
Young mother with the soft deep eye,
Light forms of joyous infancy!
Fair rose, the island garden's pride,
Sweet blossoms nestling by her side!
All beautiful in health and youth,
In hope's rich light and love's sweet truth—
Rife with glad thoughts of household mirth,
Of happy home and pleasant hearth—
Of spotless hearts and holiest ties—
Bright picture for a nation's eyes!
The fair young mother's quiet grace,
Sweet childhood's soft and wondering face—
Cold is the heart can watch, unmov'd,
That group—the loving and the lov'd!
  In that blest home-like scene;
Nor feel the pulse's quicken'd start,
The life-blood thrill the kindling heart,
Ready for her with life to part,
  The MOTHER and the QUEEN!

Flush'd with a thousand victories,
O'er half the earth her red-cross flies,
The day's free sunlight never dies
  On Britain's world-wide throne!
Realms that the Persian never knew
Waves, where Rome's eagle never flew,
  Her free dominion own.
From Himalaya's snowy piles,
From green Australia's farthest isles,
Where sweeps the wave round Aden's peak—
Where deep woods shield the vanquish'd Sikh—
Where the wild Cape's gigantic form
Looms thro' the haze of southern storm,

Where the old Spanish rock looks down
O'er the blue strait with martial frown;
Where o'er the western world looks forth
Quebec, grey fortress of the north;
Where old St. Lawrence sings and smiles,
Round blue Ontario's thousand isles;
Where the young queen of inland seas,
Toronto, woos the forest breeze;
Where th' everlasting spray-cloud floats
High o'er Niagara's thunder-notes;
Where Erie spreads his waters fair,
Where white sails gleam on soft St. Clair;
Where the Great Spirit's islands* rest
Far off on Huron's sunlit breast;
Where tempests wake Superior's sleep—
Where Oregon looks o'er the deep—
    Floats the red-cross on high!
And the glad shout of free-born hosts
Echoes from Earth's remotest coasts
    "Britain and Victory!"

Not the rich flush of martial light
That gilds thine Isle's historic might,
Not the wild breath of battle-horn
From centuries of conquest borne,
Not thy bright roll of champions brave,
Earth-tramplers—lords of field and wave!
  Thine is a nobler fame!
Where foot can press, where wave can roll,
The slave—the captive's withering soul,
  Blesses thy honour'd name.
Beautiful on the mountains shine
Their feet who bear the holy sign,
Salvation's banner-cross unfurl'd,
The rainbow of a darken'd world,
Bright harbinger of Mercy—Peace—
Improvement's triumph—Earth's increase—
  Glad hearts and fire-sides free.
Such *your* bright trophies—Christian isles,
Fruits of long years of wars and toils,
High o'er red Glory's crimson piles,
  "God's word and Liberty."

* The Manitoulin.

Deal gently with that mother, TIME !
Leave long undimm'd her queenly prime,
Mid her fair children's band ;
Light be her sorrows—few her tears—
Glorious and long her sceptred years
Over this happy land !
And THOU ! upon whose awful breath,
Hang Time and Empire—Judgment—Death—
Before whose throne Earth's slaves and kings
Alike shall stand, weak suppliant things ;
FATHER of Him, whose gentle eye
Look'd kind on childhood's purity,
Shield thou our Queen with strength divine
Pour blessings on her princely line,
Theirs be Worth—Victory—Might !
Not with red sword and fiery brand,
For shatter'd hearth and wasted land—
Be theirs a nobler fight—
To sway the heart of Christian man,
Lift the red cross in Freedom's van,
Bid thy pure Altars point to heaven,
The chain from Slavery's neck be riven.
Let their bright standards fly
On farthest shore and wildest main,
Glad heralds of the angelic strain,
" PEACE UPON EARTH—GOODWILL TO MEN,
GLORY TO THEE ON HIGH ! "

THE HUNTER.

Away to the Forests ! the wilds of the West,
Where no foot save the step of the Hunter hath press'd,
Where no voice of the Earth on the echo floats back,
Save the wild cheer he gives on his arrowy track.
Away !
O'er the hills of the West with the Hunters away !

Away to the Forests ! the streams flash along,
With a murmur of gladness—a musical song,
And a fresh voice of wildness and freedom rings past,
When the green wood bends low to the sweep of the blast.
Away !
Where the free winds sing welcome—Away ! come away !

Away to the Forests ! rough gladness is ours,
Mid the green Earth's wild treasures, her streams and her flow'rs,
Where the wolf claims a shelter—the strong elk may bound—
Blue wave—misty mountain—*our* footsteps are found.
Away !
To the beautiful haunts of the Hunters away !

Away to the Forests ! fair home for the brave—
Let the Mariner toss on the treacherous wave,
Let the Soldier exult in the storm of the fight—
But the Hunter's bold heart knows a purer delight.
Away !
Where the rifles are ringing—Away ! come away !

Away to the Forests ! kind eyes too have smiled
On the Hunter's rude hearth in the loneliest wild,
And a voice of affection—a love-lighted face,
Makes the homeward track sweet, as he turns from the chase.
Away !
By the hearth of the Hunter there's welcome—Away !

Away to the Forests ! true freedom is ours,
We look from afar on the city's dark towers—
And away to our kingdom—bright home for the brave,
The haunts of the Hunter—his cradle—his grave.
Away !
O'er the hills of the West with the Hunters away !

W. H. Bartlett. G. K. Fichsrdson

THE CASTLES OF EUROPE AND ASIA.

CHÂTEAUX D'EUROPE ET D'ASIE. DIE FESTEN SCHLÖSSER VON EUROPA UND ASIEN

THE CASTLES OF EUROPE AND ASIA.

"They rise, like two white phantoms out of the sable bosom of the pines and cypresses, as if to scare approach to the two seas. "Their towers and turrets hanging over the vessels in full sail—the long wreaths of ivy which droop like the mantles of warriors "down their half-ruined walls—the grey rocks which sustain them—their angles jutting out of the forest with which they are "enveloped, and the huge shadows which they cast upon the waters, render their site one of the most characteristic points on the "Bosphorus."—LAMARTINE.

The splendid panorama of Constantinople and its noble suburbs, seen from the spacious and beautiful harbour of the Golden Horn, has been pronounced by many superior even to the enchanting landscape of the Bay of Naples. "It is here," says that enthusiastic lover of the beautiful, whose graphic sketch has supplied the prefatory quotation, "that God and man, nature and art, have placed or created "in concert the most wonderful view which the human eye can contemplate on "earth. I uttered an exclamation of involuntary admiration, and forgot for ever "the Gulf of Naples and all its enchantments. To compare any thing to this "magnificent and superb prospect, taken as a whole, is to outrage the creation!" Built upon seven hills, like Rome, which in ancient days it dispossessed of Imperial honours, the city itself is displayed to great advantage by its commanding situation; and the promiscuous assemblage of European and Asiatic peculiarities, produced by its different styles of architecture, presents a novel and agreeable sight. For twenty miles above it, the winding channel of the Bosphorus passes by a succession of prospects, which evince, at one time, all the soft elegance of that sunny clime, and at another, expand into a bold elevation and a rugged grandeur, agreeing well with the not improbable tradition which assigns the origin of the Strait to an earthquake.

The stupendous chasm, thus torn in the solid rock, forms a magnificent vista, terminating in the distance in a dark expanse of gloomy water, and the sublimity of the prospect almost justifies the daring image of the novelist—"The view of the "Euxine from the heights of Terapia, just seen through the end of the Straits, is "like gazing through time upon eternity."

But the associations of this delightful region are not always in keeping with its native charms. The hand of man here, as in almost every pleasant retreat, has too often laboured to mar, in place of enhancing, the attractions of the Paradise prepared for him. Here and there he has imprinted the disfiguring stamp of an evil purpose and a cruel heart. The gorgeous mausoleum, the shady cemetery,

the quiet valley, the fragrant groves, vocal with all sweet and joyous sounds, are not the only features of the landscape. We meet likewise with the fortified castle, converted into a prison, and reminding us of many a secret execution within its walls. To this class of gaol-fortress belong the Roumeli Hissar and the Anadoli Hissar,—the Castles of Europe and Asia,—which stand on opposite sides of the Bosphorus, where the channel is less than a mile in width,—a narrow boundary between two quarters of the globe. Unaffected by the changes which have happened to everything else in that part of the earth, the Bosphorus still retains its original appellation, and forms the main link between the present and the past. A steamer, commanded by an English captain, now plies upon the wave which Io crossed; but the almost prophetic words of the Greek Tragedian have been verified:

> "Unwearied Time shall mention make
> Of Io's hapless fame;
> And Bosphorus from thee shall take,
> And aye preserve, his name."

The Anadoli Hissar, or Castle of Asia, was used as the prison of the Bostangis, or body-guard of the Sultan; the Roumeli Hissar, on the other side, was appropriated to the confinement of the Janissaries. This latter fortress was fitly called the *Chocsecen*, or "the amputator of heads;" and the five towers of which it is composed were styled "the towers of oblivion," somewhat with the same signification which the Greeks attached to *Lethe;* entrance into those abodes of death being looked upon as final separation from the world.

Mahomet II. found the Castle in ruins, and rebuilt it on a different design. The ground-plan, it is said, was so constructed as to trace the characters of the Arabian Prophet's name. The conception, if real, was apposite enough; thus to connect the dungeon and the block with the name of the great impostor, who propagated the superstition of the Koran with the sword.

It was a sad disgrace to Christendom, and a startling chastisement of its spiritual recreancy, when the Mussulman entrenched himself within the time-hallowed city where Theodosius had ruled, and Chrysostom had taught. There seems to have been a sort of judicial infatuation clinging to the unhappy Greeks during the many warning events which preceded their expulsion from their ancient and sacred patrimony. It may be thought, however, that the authoress of the "Beauties of the Bosphorus" has rather magnified their infirmities, when she states that the Greek Emperor very courteously conceded the modest request of the Turkish Chieftain for a *pied-à-terre* in his dominions, and, with a full knowledge of that commander's aspiring pretensions, politely suffered him, at his particular desire, to occupy a castle, and to gain a secure lodgement, on the European shore of the Bosphorus.

The following appears to be a true statement of the case. Mahomet first built the Anadoli Hissar on the Asiatic side, and descrying a fortress on the other bank somewhat dismantled and decaying, it occurred to him that it might be a profitable undertaking to make both sides of the Strait to correspond. Without condescending to crave permission of the proprietor, he applied himself accordingly to raise the Roumeli Hissar from its ruins. The Emperor, naturally enough, expostulated with the Father of the Faithful in regard to so arbitrary a seizure; but with no better success than receiving the somewhat uncivil reply that, "Since the Greeks were not able to protect their own possessions, he would do it for them."

In the Tower of Blood the Agas of the Janissaries were confined. When the unfortunate sufferer was of this high rank and influential station, the body, after execution, was conveyed to the water through a tunnel, which connected the castle with the Bosphorus, and stealthily consigned to the deep. This precaution was observed, in order that no occasion might be afforded for any public expression of sympathy in behalf of the murdered man.

A caique, one of those graceful and picturesque little craft which cover the surface of the Sea of Marmora, was making its way along the shore of the Bosphorus at the close of day. Darkness was coming on, and the hour, after which vessels are not allowed to pass the castle, had expired. The persons in the boat, anxious to arrive at their destination, were creeping along the bank, as close as possible to the land, with the hope of eluding observation. They had not advanced far, however, when their attention was directed to another boat approaching them. Cautiously hiding themselves in the midst of the thick foliage which was growing upon the margin of the water, in a position from which they could see what was going on without being themselves discovered, they watched the movements of the other boat, which was now drawing near to the seaward entrance of the castle. After the boat had touched the shore immediately beneath the castle wall, two men, guarded by others, stepped out upon the land. It was not possible, in the dim twilight, to distinguish their faces; but those in the caique could see enough of their garments to know that they were of high station. One of the two prisoners paused, and turning round, gazed for a short time upon the fair scene before him, which was then gradually fading away beneath the approaching shades of night. After his eyes had been fixed, during a brief and mournful interval, upon the landscape (to the beauties of which they were soon to be closed), he heaved a deep sigh, and turned again reluctantly towards the castle, where death awaited him. What that long-drawn sigh implied the beholders of the distressing spectacle knew full well. It revealed the inward pangs of a man to whom the fair face of nature was a pleasant object, and whose life, spent in affluent ease, had been made up of

bright and cheerful and happy hours. The boat which had borne the captives to their prison and their tomb, left soon afterwards, and the caique was enabled to pursue its course unobserved. The next day it was rumoured that two officers of the Odas, who had made themselves obnoxious to the state, had disappeared.

How wide and free and unmolested must have been the scope afforded to the wanton inhumanity of Oriental despotism in the cells of those dark castles; in such mystery and silence was the work of death consummated! The very thought of a state of society, where life is thus placed at the mercy of a tyrant's wayward humours, is sufficient, without the actual experience of such an iron bondage, to give a keener relish to the blessings of freedom, and to enhance the enjoyment of the advantages which we possess, as subjects of a British Sovereign.

THE RIVER.

It floweth on—it floweth on,
The River to the Sea,
The leap and dash of youth are gone,
Its course is calm and free;
The sunlight sleeps upon its wave,
The white sail lends its gleam,
A thousand rills from hill and cave,
Swell on its lordly stream.

Hush'd its wild song—the fresh'ning sound,
That fill'd its mountain home,
The torrent's dash—the rapid's bound,
The small wave's mimic foam;
And the fresh wild wreaths of wayward flow'rs
That o'er its crystal hung,
When flashing thro' the forest bowers,
From its early fount it sprung.

It floweth on—it floweth on,
Aye widening in its track,
The bold green hills of youth are gone,
To them it flows not back.
Yet some would give the lordly sweep,
The fair and cultur'd shore,
For the young wave's dash—the torrent's leap,
Of the fount in the hills, once more.

EMILY.

Emily, as I saw thee last,
In thought I see thee now,
Before the cloud on thy life was cast,
The shade upon thy brow,
While yet with smiles thy lips were wreathed,
Thine eyes still joyous shone,
And not a song sweet summer breathed
Was sweeter than thine own.

How changed: before the painter's art
Thy life-like image caught,
The storm had swept thy loving heart,
And all this ruin wrought;
And now thine eyes with sadness beam,
And Hope thy face has fled,
The happy thoughts of thy young dream
Are sleeping with the dead.

Why is it thus? the fairest flowers
Seem ever first to fade;
The brightest gleams of sunshine hours
Portend the darkest shade;
The blight that spares the lofty tree,
Spares not the plant beneath;
The tempest youth had hoped to flee,
Withers the orange wreath.

They tell me on thy bridal eve
Thy voice was sad and low:
Did visions rise, that thought can weave
Of days past long ago?
Or was it that the fearful spell
Of grief foredoom'd to be,
Came sweeping with the music's swell,
And thus o'ershadow'd thee?

Thy youth had been so full of joy,
No cloud had ever come,
No darkling sorrow to destroy
The gladness of thy home.
Now when thy dream of life was won,
Thy hope fulfill'd, fair bride,
Thine eyes were dim, thy smiles were gone,
Tho' He was at thy side.

'T was past—that bridal eve was past—
And bright the bridal day,
The cloud at night its shadow cast,
At morn it fled away;
And she was there, the orange flowers
Twined in her shining hair,
With smiles more bright than bygone hours
Had ever seen her wear.

The time fleets on—the hour draws near,
To breathe the marriage vow,
Why grows her cheek so pale with fear?
So dark with care her brow?
He comes not, he who used to chide
Delay, impatient then,
He comes not now to claim his bride—
He never came again.

They found him on that bridal morn,
Still lying as he slept,
And a loving smile, as Heaven-born,
Had o'er his features crept.
They found him; he was cold and dead,
Cut off in youthful pride,
They only knew his spirit fled—
They knew not how he died.

Oh, who can win the breaking heart
Back to its joyous tone,
When all the joys of life depart,
And it is left alone?
Oh, who can soothe the spirit's pain,
Or light the sunken eye,
When sadd'ning mem'ries fill the brain
Of days of love gone by?

Her heart was crush'd; for her no more
Was sunshine in the air,
The light was lost that shone of yore
Around her every where;
And yet upon her soul a balm—
A holy balm was shed,
That bid despair at length be calm,
And weep not for the dead.

Fair sufferer! how soft a light
Beams in her gentle gaze;
How sweet her face, though not so bright
As in her happy days;
Those days, when from *his* hand she took,
Her guiding star to be,
That treasured gift, the holy book,
That rests upon her knee.

Years have rolled by, and Time has made
His change in love and trust,
But mem'ry's light could never fade
For her, till in the dust,
Far from her own fair land, she slept,
Where the tall pine-trees wave,
And sweetest forest flowers have wept
Their blossoms on her grave.

TO THE BEE.

Type of frugal industry,
Happy wand'ring murm'ring bee,
Rev'ller 'mid the brightest flowers,
Joyous in the summer hours;
Now in sunshine, now in shade,
Sportive on thy filmy wings,
Floating o'er the fairest things,
Where thy richest spoils are made.

Hast thou been where meadows sweet
Have woo'd thee with thy tiny feet,
Or floating near some pleasant rill,
Or sweeping o'er the breezy hill,
Or sinking in the wild hare bell;
And art thou, after hours of pleasure,
Bringing back thy well-earned treasure
To the storehouse of thy cell.

Joyous rover, spring attending,
O'er its sweetest flowrets bending,
Watching leaf by leaf awaking,
Bud to blossom slowly breaking,
Speeding o'er thy wide dominion,
Marking, while yet onward winging,
Where the scented moss is springing
Courting thy caressing pinion.

Thoughts of youth have come with thee,
Wand'rer, as the sunlight free,
Of early hopes, of many a joy,
Time may but weaken, not destroy.
The old lov'd home, the dwellers there,
The valleys all their sweetness shedding,
Richest banquets for thee spreading,
Creature of the sunny air.

Must thou labour on for ever,
Toil unheeding, tiring never,
Morning dawn and dying day
Seeing still thy busy way,
Or is thy labour, revelry,
As flowers and fields and perfumed air,
And bright things gleaming every where
Are heritage for thine and thee?

Drawn by Col.ᵗ Cockburn

Engraved by W.B Cooke

THE COLISEUM ROME, TAKEN FROM THE PALACE OF THE CÆSARS.

THE COLISEUM.

"Arches on arches! as it were that Rome,
Collecting the chief trophies of her line,
Would build up all her triumphs in one dome,
Her Coliseum stands; the moonbeams shine
As 't were its natural torches, for divine
Should be the light which streams here, to illume
This long-explored but still exhaustless mine
Of contemplation; and the azure gloom
Of an Italian night, where the deep skies assume

Hues which have words, and speak to ye of heaven,
Floats o'er this vast and wondrous monument,
And shadows forth its glory. There is given
Unto the things of earth, which Time hath bent,
A spirit's feeling, and where he hath leant
His hand, but broke his scythe, there is a power
And magic in the ruin'd battlement,
For which the palace of the present hour
Must yield its pomp, and wait till ages are its dower."

BYRON, CHILDE HAROLD.

The Flavian amphitheatre, commenced by Vespasian and completed by Titus, received the name Coliseum, or more properly Colosseum, either from its proximity to the Colossus of Nero, or from its gigantic size when compared with other erections. It stands in what was originally about the centre of the city, on the spot previously occupied by the lake attached to the "Golden Palace." It is in the form of an ellipse, of which the major axis is 620 English feet, and the minor 513; the length of the arena being 287 feet, and its width, 180. The superficial area of the whole structure is nearly six acres, and its height, 160 feet. It is estimated to have contained seats for 87,000 spectators. The external elevation consists of four stories; the principal features of the three lower of these being ranges of arches, supported by columns of a different order in each range: viz. Doric in the first, Ionic in the second, and Corinthian in the third. The fourth story, extending to the cornice, was a solid wall, lighted by rectangular windows alternating with pilasters of the Corinthian order.

The interior of this edifice, as of all amphitheatres, was divided into *arena*, *podium*, and *gradus*. The *arena* was the oval space in the centre, in which the combats between the gladiators, wild beasts, &c., took place. The *podium*, immediately surrounding the arena, was the space appropriated to the emperor, senators, and other persons of distinction, such as ambassadors from foreign parts, &c. Behind the podium arose, resting on a mass of arches upon arches, in a circumference

continually widening towards the summit of the building, the *gradus*, or seats for the other spectators, who were arranged, according to their rank, in different tiers. The equestrian order occupied the seats immediately next to the podium. Next were the seats called *popularia*, allotted to the *populus*, or third class of spectators. Above these were placed the wooden benches for the common people *(pullati)*. Still higher up, was a colonnade assigned to the female portion of the assembly; and along the very summit, ran a narrow platform, upon which a body of men carried on their operations for regulating the *velarium* or awning, which was used as a protection against sun and rain, and was occasionally made of the most costly materials. The several tiers of seats were divided by circular spaces called *præcinctiones*, and were also intersected at intervals by passages termed *scalæ*, radiating from the arena: the wedge-like shapes thus formed being significantly styled *cunei*.

The sum of money, expended on this work, was sufficient, says Cassiodorus, for the erection of a capital city. The games at its dedication under Titus lasted for one hundred days; and the scale of magnificence on which they were celebrated may be imagined from the fact, that 5000 wild beasts, according to Eutropius, and 9000 according to Dion, were then destroyed on its arena. History further informs us, that, when the combats of gladiators, wild-beasts, &c., were concluded, the arena was suddenly flooded with water, in which the conflicts of crocodiles and other amphibious animals were exhibited: and that there was afterwards a representation of a sea-fight between the Corinthians and Corcyreans, whose naval encounters have been so graphically described by Thucydides. Since these astonishing spectacles were presented in honour of its opening, almost eighteen hundred years have rolled away, and yet the wondrous structure still exists, noblest amidst the ruin, as it was once amidst the splendour, of "the eternal city." Under the emperors, the building suffered more than once from fire, yet such was the solidity of the original structure, and the completeness of the restoration, that even as late as the fourteenth century, bull-fights were exhibited in it after the Moorish and Spanish fashion; and these festivals were attended not merely by the Romans themselves, but also by all the Italian nobility. But even though the attacks of time may be in a measure successfully resisted by things of remarkable strength and extraordinary durability, yet the relentless destroyer contrives, by bringing on a train of casualties however improbable, and by using other agents than his own corroding powers, never to be cheated of his prey. And thus this stupendous pile, which had hitherto escaped comparatively uninjured from the attacks of foes, now began to shrink before the depredations of friends. When, on the revival of a taste for architectural display, the Roman nobles desired to adorn their former residences, or to erect new palaces, the Coliseum was regarded as an immense and convenient

quarry, and from it they plundered materials with no sparing hand. Amongst many other buildings, the huge Farnese and Barberini palaces purloined much of their magnificence from this amphitheatre. Indeed, from the pillage perpetrated by the erectors of the last of these, arose that current Roman saying, "What the *Barbarians* did not, the *Barberini* did."

This sad sacrilege committed against art would probably have proceeded to such a length as not to leave one stone upon another, had not Benedict XIV. erected a cross in the arena, and consecrated the precincts to the memory of those many martyrs, who had before deriding thousands there sealed with their blood the undaunted confession, Χριστιανός εἰμι, *I am a Christian.*

Scarcely one half of the Coliseum's enormous circuit now presents its original height, and it is in many other respects dilapidated: but so much of its magnificence survives, even after having suffered for the space of full two hundred years the deplorable depredations before mentioned, that we cannot wonder, that the Romans even still repeat with rapture the memorable words, which the awe-inspiring majesty of this vast structure extorted from the pilgrims of the North,—

"While stands the Coliseum, Rome shall stand;
When falls the Coliseum, Rome shall fall;
And when Rome falls—the world."

When its present state is viewed, even in pictured minuteness, it never fails to impress the mind with exalted ideas of its imposing grandeur: and we may therefore well suppose what its influence must be upon a traveller possessed of one particle of enthusiasm, or of reverence for the relics of antiquity. He will doubtless experience emotions similar to those, which the American poet Eckhard felt, while engaged in meditation on "The Ruined City."

"How the dim visions throng the soul,
When twilight broods upon thy waste;
The clouds of woe from o'er thee roll,
Thy glory seems replaced.
The stir of life is brightening round,
Thy structures swell upon the eye,
And mirth and revelry resound
In triumph to the sky."

The eye of his imagination, despite the reigning desolation and gloom, will suddenly perceive, looking back into the vista of far-distant years, those various and vast vomitoria, first drinking in, and then disgorging into their appointed positions, thousands upon thousands of human beings. He will behold the various features and diversified garbs of the nations of a subject world mingling with the majesty, might, beauty, pride and poverty of imperial Rome. Anon there will be present to his view, surrounded by living mountains of expectant

men, those gaunt gladiators, engaged in the fearful struggle for life or death. The lion's roar and the tiger's yell will burst on his startled ear—but, should the glance of the faithful rest on the blessed cross, he will heed nothing—he will see nothing—save some fearless champion of Christ, standing unmoved amid his myriad foes, intrepid though alone—alone indeed to the view of the scoffer and the infidel—but who can tell but that to him is allowed, in that dread hour, some similar consolation to that which ravished the extatic eyes of the Protomartyr? Who can tell but that those orbs, now raised in such calm triumph to the skies, are in like manner permitted to behold "the heavens opened, and the Son of man standing on the right hand of God"?

SONG.

Awake, mine Harp, thy wildest strain,
Breathe me thy pleasant notes again,
Some relic of the olden time,
Some lingering voice of life's young prime—
Let joy or grief thy numbers move,
Thou must not breathe one note of Love.

Sing of the glories of olden days,
Sing to the vine-clad Monarch's praise,
Of the battle-thunders thy strain may be,
Of the wild wind's sweep o'er a stormy sea—
Whatever theme thy numbers move,
Thou must not breathe one note of Love.

Awake—awake, my gentle Lyre,
Let music burst from each sleeping wire,
Sing of the mighty, the Lords of Earth,
Sing of the early violet's birth,
Of the eagle's flight, of the faltering dove—
Thou must not breathe one note of Love.

REBECCA.

" The God of Abraham's promise hath opened an escape for his daughter, even from this den of infamy !"—*Ivanhoe.*

" Bless'd be the God of Abraham for his promise !
Ev'n from this den of murder he hath giv'n
A ransom for his daughter !"
One wild spring,
And pois'd upon the airy battlement,
She waves farewell to earth—th' indignant blood
Fades from the whitening cheek, the hands are spread,
The dark eye rais'd imploringly to heaven,
To bless the bold self-sacrifice, and take
The rescued soul all spotless to its home.

Bless'd be the God of Abraham for his promise,
Courage and faith have triumph'd gloriously !
And on that dizzy pinnacle she stands,
Strong as a host in arms ! A soft slight form
Radiant in awful strength—in mail of proof
From God's bright arm'ry. Circled with a flush
Of holy light—prophetic ray that gilds
A queenly spirit's Euthanasia !—
An emanation from the deep-stirr'd hearts
Of loftiest natures—Hope—Faith—Chastity—
And all weak woman's store of hidden strength.

Fair incarnation of the Poet's dream
Of Judah's faded splendour—radiant child
Of her long line of warriors—minstrels—priests—
And glorious women: Miriam, Deborah,
And she who died in Gilead*—thou hast sprung
From the bright touch of Genius, and thy name
Is now historic truth; a synonyme
For all high, pure and beautiful in woman.
Oh, Fiction's noblest triumph ! to have rais'd
A form like thine for Earth's admiring gaze
On that high battlement—thy pedestal !

* Jephtha's daughter.

THE SEA.

Thou of the mighty past, strange thoughts are stealing
Of thee and all thy wonders through my brain,
Bringing long ages back, and slow revealing
Shades of Earth's lost ones in an endless chain,
As though some voice had said,
Give back thy treasured dead,
Thy pow'r is shaken now, thou restless main.

Thou art from hoar creation, thou wast sleeping
Deep centred in the chaos, when the word
Of life went forth, and the young day came leaping
Into quick manhood, and thy waves were stirr'd,
Kissing the new bright earth,
E'en at thy early birth,
Making the music that all time has heard.

Thy bounds were set thee, thou wast mark'd thy dwelling,
Thy home in calm and storm, thy prison place,
Where thou might'st fret thee when the winds came swelling,
And dashing up thy tresses in thy face,
Thy bow'r of peace and rest,
When from thy ruffled breast,
They sighed away, and left nor sign nor trace.

Thou art Earth's sister, and art ever bringing
With smiles or tears thy tribute to her feet;
Now a low chorus with the sea-breeze singing,
When night and day upon thy bosom meet,
Now with a troubled moan,
Spreading thy wailing tone,
Far o'er the breakers where thy surges beat.

Thou laughest to the sun, when he is waking
Thy waters up from their long dreamless sleep,
And his gay mornbeams, 'mid thy ripples breaking,
Dance up in rainbow colours o'er the deep;
And thy low mists arise,
Like incense to the skies,
That heav'n may hold them o'er the earth to weep.

Thou smilest to the moon, when she is bending
Her silver crescent o'er thee, like a slave;
Thou mournest to the stars when they are sending
Their glances through thee to each crystal cave;
And one—the Evening one—
Joyous when day is done,
Sheds lovingly its ray upon thy wave.

Thou art the same, as when the day was breaking
O'er the wild waste the wrath of God had made,
And the meek dove the holy ark forsaking,
Return'd no more from the new forest shade,
And thy wave cold and still,
Sank from th' Assyrian hill,
Where the Earth's rescued in their gladness pray'd.

Thou hast no country—when thy steps are bounding
From shore to shore, where may thy people be?
Yet all are thine, thy voice alike is sounding,
For prince and peasant, despot and the free,
And the bright sunny air
Is thine too every where,
Wafting rich odours from its haunts to thee.

Who are the sleepers mid thy corals lying?
Children of some now scarce remember'd race;
Dream they the wild winds, o'er thy waters sighing
May call them up from their far dwelling place,
To visit earth again,
And seek, alas, in vain,
To gaze upon some old familiar face.

Thou hast youth's freshness in thy caverns fading,
Lost with the true heart and the smiling eye,
And joyous childhood, silver age, are shading
Thy depths, where strange contrasted forms they lie;
Alike the brave and good,
Beneath thy troubled flood,
Fear'd not to meet thee, in thine arms to die.

Oh! thou the mighty, Time may not be telling,
Of all thou hast been, art, and yet shalt be,
But there is One who mark'd thee out thy dwelling,
Who set thy bounds, o'er which thou canst not flee;
His voice shall break the chain,
That age has tried in vain,
And then thou too shalt see decay, thou Sea.

SONG.

Farewell—a long farewell to thee,
Maiden—thy lightsome heart is free;
Be gladness on that brow of thine,
It matters nought, what shadows mine.

Farewell! thy parting glance is cold,
Thy chill adieu is quickly told,
Thy cheek hath caught no feeling glow—
There was a time 'twould not be so.

Farewell! beside thy happy hearth
As glad will sound thy household mirth,
Bright eyes glance round as soft and fair—
One well-known voice is missing there.

'Tis nought to rend the closest—nearest,
To shiver hearts the truest—dearest,
Small care to thee my future lot—
Would thou could'st be as soon forgot.

W H Bartlett

J B Allen

VAL D' OSSOLA

(From the Simplon)

VAL D'OSSOLA.

" Who first beholds those everlasting clouds,
Seed-time and harvest, morning, noon and night,
Still where they were, stedfast, immoveable;
Those mighty hills, so shadowy, so sublime,
As rather to belong to heaven than earth—
But instantly receives into his soul
A sense, a feeling that he loses not;
A something that informs him 't is an hour
Whence he may date henceforward and for ever?
To me they seem'd the barriers of a world—
Saying, Thus far, no farther!"

ROGERS' ITALY.

A glorious amphitheatre of mountain-peaks, white and glistening in the depths of a lucid sky, and a Vale, soft and beautiful as the sunniest nook of Arcady, clasped in their embrace, like "Beauty in the lap of Terror!"—a noble theme for the painter's hand, even in a clime rich in the exuberant display of Nature in her wildest moods of savage or alluring loveliness. The "happy valley," so fairly pictured in our illustration, is one of the first glimpses of Italy that gladden the eye of the traveller, weary and travel-worn in his passage of the Alpine range through the defiles of the Simplon. He has ascended by the village of Brieg through the gorge between the Glitz-horn and Klennen mountains, where the wild torrent of the Saltine rushes headlong to the Rhone. Far away in the distant northern heaven, beyond the Vallais, hang the white forms of the Bernese Alps, a mighty range of mountain Titans, the Geisshorn, the Gemmi, the Shreckhorn, or "Peak of Terror," and the lofty summit of the Jungfrau,

" She, whose throne is inaccessible,
And sits withdrawn in virgin majesty,
Nor oft unveils,"——

with the cloud, thrown like a fleecy scarf across her giant outline. He has passed the steep Klennenhorn, over chasm and cataract—through tunnelled gallery and air-hung bridge—till he gains the naked platform of the Simplon, and begins to descend through a similar series of Art's noblest triumphs over Nature's most appalling difficulties. He passes the tremendous chasm through which the mad torrent of the Doveria dashes headlong towards its repose in the yet distant plains of Italy. He treads that wonder of the Alps, the "Gallery of Gondo," cut in many places, by the incessant labour of years, through the solid granite;

gazes at the gloomy village and hostelry of the same name, and the less savage defile of Isella, and at length the wild scenery grows less and less rude; vegetation appears in increasing strength and profusion, till at an opening of the mountain pass—like a soft blue streak in a wintry heaven, the first glimpse of Italy blesses the delighted eye. In the words of a modern tourist, "the chilling vapours from "the tremendous abyss from which the traveller has emerged, vanish at once; the "balmy air is loaded with odoriferous perfumes; the sloping glades on the left are "covered with vineyards, orchards, gardens, villages white as snow, and every kind "of vegetation, contrasting with the still precipitous and gigantic hills on the right. "A few miles further along the foaming Doveria, another and much more spacious "valley opens out to view at the village of Crevola, 'one of the most delightful,' as "Eustace justly observes, 'which Alpine solitudes inclose, or the foot of wanderer "'ever traversed.' This is VAL D'OSSOLA."

From the watch-towers of the High Alps, the eye reposes delightedly on the enchanted landscape of the Italian plains. For three thousand years has the same sunny vision allured the gaze of friend and foe, quiet pilgrim and savage plunderer, from the same great range of mountain fortresses. From these heights burst the earliest torrent of invaders, Brennus and his wild array of Gauls, from their home in the forests of the Rhone and Loire to the infant walls of the Capitol. Through the terrible defile of the lesser St. Bernard poured the bright array of the glorious Carthaginian, flashing with barbaric pomp, and fighting inch by inch of their perilous path; the tropic elephant plunging and toiling through the snow, and cymbal, trump and atabal waking with their stormy war-music the echoes of those awful solitudes. Long years after, when the carnage of Thrasymene and the rout of Zama were forgotten tales, and the crown of universal empire was trembling on the brow of the seven-hilled city, came torrent after torrent of wild invaders, swarms from the hive of transalpine Europe — Hun, Gaul, Visigoth, and Scythian, bursting through the mountain barrier of Italy, to spread waste and desolation over her beautiful domain. Passing swiftly down the stream of time, we see "the Black Bands" of France and Germany pouring through the Alps with a ferocity worthy of the worst hordes of Attila or Alaric, to the sack of Rome under the flag of the false Bourbon; and in our own century, the latest storm of invasion swept over the same barriers which had proved so futile to resist the eager plunderers of Italy. From the heights of the Great St. Bernard, the youthful hero of Lodi and Arcola saw his fiery legions defile before him in all the pomp and power of modern warfare, dragging over icy cliffs and rapid torrents their heavy artillery and warlike muniments, pouring down through the Val D'Aosta on the rear of the astonished Austrian—and the field of Marengo placed the crown of

Charlemagne on the brow of the bold Corsican. The "Kingdom of Italy," fruit of so many victories, has passed away for ever, but the road of the Simplon remains, an enduring monument of the power and genius of Napoleon.

"Italia, oh Italia! thou who hast
The fatal gift of beauty, which became
A funeral dower of present woes and past,
On thy sweet brow is sorrow plough'd by shame,
And annals, graved in characters of flame.
Oh Heav'n! that thou wert in thy nakedness
Less lovely or more powerful, and could'st claim
Thy right, and awe the robbers back, who press
To shed thy blood and drink the tears of thy distress!

Low as the beautiful land of Italy has been for centuries in the scale of nations, she has been gifted by nature with the most tremendous barrier against foreign aggression, in the great Alpine chain, stretching almost unbroken from the Piedmontese shore to the head of the Adriatic. But "the fatal gift of beauty," the exuberant fertility of the soil and soft witchery of the Ausonian heaven, nerved the hearts of her thirsty invaders to brave the perils of the mountain pass, the avalanche and cataract, to win such rewards as they knew well awaited their grasp. She is now fallen—she of whom the bard well sung—

"Rich and Royal Italy!
Dominion's lofty bride!
Earth deem'd no loss of pride
To be enslav'd by thee!
From broad Euphrates' bank,
When the sun look'd through the gloom,
Thy eagle's golden plume
His orient splendour drank;
And when at eve he set,
Far in the chamber'd west,
That bird of brilliance yet,
Bath'd in his gorgeous rest!"

MILMAN.

She is now the fallen and prostrate Italy, and in the City of the Seven Hills "the Pontificate is but the ghost of the old Roman Empire, sitting crowned on the grave thereof."*

From the memorial splendour of the Italian plains, let us turn to the never-fading magnificence of their Alpine guardians.

Prose and poetry have been alike exhausted in rapturous panegyric on the unrivalled beauties of this vast mountain range. Lakes, cradled in their awful bosoms, yet smiling as softly beautiful as if nestled in the green embrace of an English upland—torrents, "fiercely glad," plunging down from their fountains of eternal snow—white peaks, soaring far into the depths of a pellucid sky, or

* Hobbes.

veiled for days in shrouds of mist—everything, in short, of the terrible and the beautiful which Nature can bring together, to awe, to soften, or to enchant. Pre-eminent among his brother giants in the glorious sweep of the High Alps—

> " Mont Blanc is the monarch of mountains,
> They crown'd him long ago,
> In a robe of mist, on a throne of cloud,
> With a diadem of snow !"

And right royally does he wear his state through his long reign of pre-eminence over the high places of the earth. We can find no words of our own worthy of a subject so truly noble, and salute the monarch-mountain in the immortal greeting of Coleridge, as he watched the stars grow pale, and the rose-light of dawn flush the brow of the white glaciers of Chamouni—

> ——— " O sovran Blanc !
> Rise like a cloud of incense from the earth,
> Thou kingly spirit thron'd among the hills,
> Thou dread ambassador from earth to heaven,
> Great Hierarch ! tell thou the silent sky,
> And tell the stars, and tell yon rising sun,
> Earth, with her thousand voices, praises God ! "

And his brethren too, the Greater and Less St. Bernard, the Monte Rosa, the Simplon, the St. Gothard; and the splendid chain of the Bernese Alps, the Geesshorn, Gemmi, the Wetterhorn, the Shreckhorn, and the Jungfrau, the great sister of the royal Blanc, and a hundred other peaks—household words of beauty and sublimity—sung by minstrel, sketched by painter, and dear to the hearts of a free people as the chosen retreat of freedom and patriotism, when tyranny was pressing hard on their dear-prized liberty.

Beautiful beyond all description are the effects of the variations of light and shade in these high places of the earth. Let us hear a warm lover of the picturesque speak of an Alpine sunrise :—" The peaks are first illuminated; the soft, yellow " light then tips the lower elevations, and the bright, golden showers soon reach the " whole valley, except a dark streak at the bottom, which is often not visited by " sunlight. The effect of sunset is perhaps still more lovely. The highest peaks are " those which the sun loves most. One by one the mountains, relatively to their " situations, steal into darkness, and the rosy tint is often suffused over the peaks " and glaciers of Mont Blanc, while the whole world below is enveloped in the " darkest twilight." Again, " There is nothing in nature more lovely than to watch " the last embrace of the sun lingering on the rosy glaciers of the White Moun- " tain. Soon, too soon, the great luminary dies—the warm peaks subside into " purple, and then die into a ghostly white; but soon, ah not too soon, the moon " springs up from behind a mountain, flings over the lake a stream of light, and the " sharp glaciers glitter like silver."

This fair Canadian forest-land of ours is singularly deficient in the bold mountain scenery which forms the noblest charm of the European landscape. A clear and lucid heaven, whose sunsets might often vie in softness and intensity of radiance with those that weave their magic flush on the white glaciers of the Monte Rosa—range above range of the most magnificent forest scenery which the world can boast—lakes, spreading to the sunlight an expanse of oceanic extent—rivers of a breadth and volume far beyond the "exulting and abounding" waters of Father Rhine—cataracts, whose single sweep exceeds the united powers of all the Velinos and Schaffhausens of the older continent—*these* are our scenic beauties, and with these we can almost afford to dispense with the presence of the white peak and the wild mountain gorge. But it is long before the eye of the Highlander can cease to yearn for the bold sweep of the Grampians, or the shadows of Schehallion or Ben Cruachan; the Englishman, as he looks over fields as rich and fair as the Gloucester downs, or the Salopian meadows, misses the fair range of the Cotswold, or the green summit of the Wrekin; and our own eyes seek in vain, over the glorious expanse of woodland scenery, for the rich framework of the picture, the mountain chain mingling with the overarching sky, while fancy whispers in our ear how beautifully the white cloud of summer floated round the ever changing outlines of the Wicklow hills, how sunset played with the glittering peak of Slieve Donard, and how the cold mists of the Atlantic whirled and wandered through the wild passes of the Reeks. But with the Alps our task began—with the Alps let it close, in the unforgotten words of one familiar with their ever-varying beauties, and worthy (if any can be worthy) to be their Laureate—

———"Above me are the Alps,
The palaces of Nature, whose vast walls
Have pinnacled in clouds their snowy scalps,
And thron'd Eternity in icy halls
Of cold sublimity, where forms and falls
The avalanche—the thunderbolt of snow,
All that expands the spirit, yet appals,
Gather around these summits, as to shew
How earth may pierce to heaven, yet leave vain man below!"

A REMEMBRANCE.

" On revient toujours
A ses premiers amours."

I had a dream—a pleasant dream—of an old, a nameless time,
A faint low scent of wither'd flowers—a half-forgotten rhyme,
And a thaw was on the frozen heart—a quiver in the eye,
As the radiant phantom of the past, all soft and sweet, flow'd by.

What saw I then? a long-lost hour of youth's enchanted light—
Sounds born to haunt the poet's ear—shapes for the dreamer's sight.
A rainbow spann'd the happy scene—a wild brook flash'd along,
And the bold wind swept the forest bowers with a fresh and spring-like song.

I stood amid unnumber'd flowers—not as ye know me now,
With coldness in the worldly eye, thought on the dark'ning brow,
But the bright earth lay in beauty round—the blue heav'n smil'd above,
And the now dull heart was all delight—the Dreamer's theme was—Love!

Not lonely was the Vision long—there came a softer form,
The spirit of that glowing spot, in life's fresh beauty warm;
The Dreamer's eyes in hers sought hope; love—love *their* ray confess'd;
All earth to him was paradise, all life a sun-lit rest!

I watch'd the golden vision, till it spread its dewy wings,
Wafting far off its pleasant store of lov'd and long-lost things;
And I mourn'd—for all was beautiful its spell had wak'd again,
It brought not back the broken vow, affection's faithless chain.

There was a gushing of old joy—a long-dried fountain's start,
And the gray mist wrapp'd the heav'n again—the frost-chain bound the heart;
But mayhap the music of some voice—some half-forgotten rhyme,
May summon that sweet dream again from out the olden time.

GENEVRA.

GENEVRA:

A STAR-LIGHT RAMBLE.

Night—happy night! a thousand things
  Of pleasant tone and gentle mirth,
Bless'd the soft hour, whose magic flings
  Enchantment's veil o'er dreaming Earth.
Far off the long past sunset flush'd
  With lingering ray the dewy west,
The stream's low music sang half-hush'd,
  Stars lit the zenith's kindling breast—
With sleepy ray and filmy light,
Lamps of th' enchanted halls of night.

And wild the summer lightning danc'd*
  Thro' the far storm's retreating shroud,
And webs of tangled splendour glanc'd
  Thro' blue pavilions of the cloud;
The eastern star's soft ray grew pale,
  While beautiful and silently,
Thro' the pine forest's leafy veil,
  The late moon clomb the gladden'd sky;
And lovingly o'er stream and dell
The showers of chequer'd silver fell.

Rich store of loveliness was there
  For eye's delight—for Fancy's art,
But, dearest hour of earth and air,
  Thou hads't one gift to bless the heart!
There was a soft—a darling form,
  The Genius of that happy night,
For whom the Minstrel's lay would warm,
  His ardent spirit dream delight,
Whom youthful Hope had made his own,
Whom youthful Love adored alone.

* In Canada, as doubtless many of our readers have observed, it is not unusual to see the lightning playing in the distance on the skirts of the horizon, whilst the moon and stars appear in cloudless serenity over head.

One heart was thrill'd with strange deep thought,
The same that now its quiet stirs,
Too well *I* knew the tale it taught,
But dare I dream if such were hers?
Her soft voice kept its wonted tone,
The silvery flow, unmov'd and even,
And o'er her gentle eyes was thrown,
The mantle of the star-lit heaven,
Kind Love—bright Hope—fond heart—for me,
Oh! solve this star-light mystery.

HOME FLOWERS IN AN EMIGRANT'S GARDEN.

Bright flow'rs, dear flow'rs of our island skies,
Ye are welcome here to our gladden'd eyes;
Ye are deck'd in the hues we loved of yore,
In the far-off vales of our native shore;
And ye bring kind thoughts of a pleasant time,
To the dark, deep woods of this Western clime;
As the last sweet gifts of the lost—the dear,
We bid ye welcome, we bless ye here!

There were watching eyes o'er your gentle birth,
From your cradle rude in the chilly earth;
There were thoughts of joy when ye first look'd forth
On the greenwood bowers of the stormy north,
As ye spread the tints of each well-known fold
As ye breath'd the fragrance we lov'd of old,
And danc'd to the breeze of the forest wild,
As if Home's soft heaven had above ye smiled!

Oh, wild and fresh, in the sparkling morn,
On the forest breeze is your perfume borne,
But dearer yet are your folding leaves
In the holy calm of the summer eves,
When the woods are still and the winds are low,
And the stars gleam faint in the twilight glow,
And the day is parting o'er stream and glen—
Oh, flowers of Home! ye are dearest then!

For pleasant thoughts from their rest will start,
And sweet chords thrill in the soften'd heart,
And long-hush'd voices come whispering near,
With soft old music in mem'ry's ear;
And borne like notes from a land of dreams
Comes the voice of our far-off woods and streams;
And homeward th' enchanted Spirit strays,
To sport an hour in the Past's bright maze.

Oh, flow'rs, lov'd flow'rs of our island home,
With a voice of hope have your breathings come,
Ye spring like friends round the wand'rer's rest,
Ye speak like friends to his gladden'd breast,
And a lesson apt to his lonely lot
Hath his musing heart from your blossoms caught,
How the young affections, the hopes, the fears,
Tho' torn from the soil of their early years,
May bloom as fresh in the forest bow'rs,
As your sweet blossoms, our island flow'rs!

A WIFE'S LOVE.

"Tecum vivere amem—tecum obeam libens."

In the far off ocean,
Where despair might have sought a home,
Mid the dirge-like motion
Of the ever-heaving foam—

Mid the death-fraught breathing
Of the winds over frozen seas,
Where the snows are wreathing
White folds on the moaning trees—

Mid the solemn waving
Of the deep, eternal woods,
Mid the hoarse rude laving
Of the desert's sullen floods—

In each spot most dreary
Of the wilds on the green earth's breast,
Where the chill'd, the weary,
May have turn'd for a hopeless rest—

Thou hast made thy dwelling,
Sun-beam of the lonely heart!
With thy sweet voice telling
How faithful—how true thou art.

Where soft eyes are beaming
On their vigils of sleepless care—
Where young Hope is dreaming
Of a future, too bright and fair—

In the smile that ever
Sheds gladness and life around—
In the lips that never
Have murmur'd a bitter sound.

In the fond heart treasur'd
The light of thy spirit lies,
In the depths unmeasur'd,
Undream'd of by human eyes,

Unchang'd—unshaded
By the storms that have o'er thee roll'd
Undimm'd—unfaded,
Like the fire on the shrines of old.

So thou endurest
In the heart, where thou once had'st birth,
Oh loveliest! brightest! purest!
Of the lingerers yet on earth.

GOYA SARAGOSSA

THE MAID OF SARAGOZA.

" What strain heroic might suffice to tell
How Saragoza stood, and how she fell ?
Ne'er since yon sun began his daily round
Was higher, holier valour found,
Than on that consecrated ground ! "

SOUTHEY, CARMEN TRIUMPHALE.

The storm of war that had swept over the provinces of Leon and Castile, began in the summer of 1808 to cast a threatening gloom over the sunny fields of Aragon. While Bessieres with his fierce dragoons was spreading devastation throughout the villages of Biscay and the Asturias, Lefebvre was detached against Saragoza, the far-famed City of the Pillar.

Situated on the frontier of the empire, and occupying a commanding position on the Ebro, the importance of the possession of this town had not escaped the notice of Napoleon's experienced generals. No sooner, however, had the tocsin of war sounded through the neighbouring provinces, than the gallant peasants of Aragon arrayed themselves under the standard of their new Captain-general, animated by a love of country, the intensity of which vied with their hatred of the foreign invaders; a hatred—merited by the cruelties of the French, and aggravated by the epithet of *insurgents*, insolently applied to the loyal subjects of a rightful prince.

Flushed with recent victory, the troops of Lefebvre encountered the brave yet undisciplined Aragonese, and defeating them in several engagements, forced them to make a final stand within the walls of Saragoza. Despising both its defenders and defences, the French commander at once determined to carry the place by assault. His main attack was against the gate Portillo, in which memorable spot he was soon to learn the truth of that remark, uttered as it were prophetically a century before in reference to Saragoza, " elle est sans defense et sans fortification, fermée d 'une simple muraille; mais ce défaut est reparé par la bravoure des habitans."

It was here that the conflict began, and from the outset raged most fiercely; for of the combatants, one party knew but victory—the other would not know defeat. Discipline and bravery on the one side, were opposed on the other to fiery zeal and deep hate, rousing to its highest pitch a courage no less undaunted. Still was the Portillo forced, and the enemy penetrated into the town; but becoming entangled

in the narrow streets, where discipline was unavailing, they were slaughtered by the infuriated populace, and Lefebvre found himself obliged to recall his beaten troops. Scarcely did the authority of Palafox suffice to repress the ardour of the citizens, so as to prevent the pursuit of the retreating army. Anticipating, however, the speedy return of the French, the prudent general did not suffer their zeal to grow cold, but addressed them in a speech in which he assured them of the assistance of the divine patrons of their town, who called upon them to sacrifice the hated enemy as victims expiatory of the blood of their martyred fellow-citizens. Nor did he permit the time, which he had gained, to pass without vigorous exertions to meet the expected emergency. Lefebvre did not dissappoint the anticipations of his adversary. He soon returned with larger forces; Bayonne and Pamplona furnished a heavy battering train; every disposition was made for a systematic siege, and success apparently ensured by the arrival of further reinforcements under Verdier.

In the midst of a beautiful plain, diversified by olive groves and vineyards, through which the Ebro and the smaller streams of the Galego and Guerva found their way, Saragoza reared its massive convents, overlooking what long had been the abode of peace. At the distance of a mile, to the south-west, rose Monte Torrero, to obtain possession of which was the first care of the besiegers. This important post was soon gained, and Verdier with good reason looked upon the city as already taken; for how was it possible that a town, whose defences were but of brick, could resist his potent battering trains, and the skill of the best engineers of the world? Down then poured on the devoted city, from the commanding eminence, an uninterrupted shower of shot and shell; but, so far from shrinking from the danger of resistance, the people, animated by a noble spirit, pervading every class, assembled in the public square, and voluntarily took a solemn oath "to shed their blood's last drop in the defence of their religion, their king and their hearths."

Remarkable as the Aragonese had ever been for chivalrous feelings, on no previous occasion had their loyalty, their patriotism, and their religious sympathies, been so strongly called into action—so eminently displayed. Brave, yet superstitious, they regarded their chief city as sacred, and appealed to its legendary tales with all the confidence which implicit credence gives. "Was it not here," they would say, "that the holy James, Spain's patron saint, heard angel choirs chant 'Ave Maria gratia plena!' and received her mandate to build upon this spot, in her honour, the church of our Lady of the Pillar? Yes: above us rises the consecrated pile. Brothers, let us meet the foe: the Virgin and her Son are with us!"

Thus assured of the aid of Heaven, in defence of a town, on which such signal marks of favour had been bestowed, the Saragozans added the fervour of religious zeal to their native impetuosity and patriotic devotion. They fought not only for their wives, their families, their king: more than all these, the battle was for the honour of the Mother of the Saviour, to protect from plundering hands the Virgin's hallowed shrine.

Nor was the enthusiasm of devotion to their cause confined to the sterner sex, whose fitting task it was to repel the invaders: all ranks, conditions, ages, felt alike its influence. Women, casting off their natural timidity, lent their aid in tending the wounded, in repairing the shattered walls, in beating back the foe. The convents poured forth their inmates to join in the labours and the glory of the defence, and monks and nuns shared equally its perils. Here might be seen an aged priest administering the last offices of religion to a dying man; the next half-hour saw him perhaps with sword in hand, leading a party of citizens against the enemy. The very children caught the wild recklessness of the scene, and delicate girls

"Stalk'd with Minerva's step, where Mars might quake to tread."

The courage with which the inhabitants of the cities of Spain have defended their walls, has been the theme of historians in ancient as well as modern times. The names of Numantia, Saguntum, Astapa, require but to be heard, to call up associations of the most devoted patriotism; and, in days more recent, Gerona, Rozas, Cadiz, have to boast the heroism of their citizens; but second to none of these, Saragoza claims her meed of glory. Open enemies without, and concealed enemies within, fought against its brave defenders; a traitor's hand fired the powder-magazine in the Cozo, as the signal for the delivery of the city gates to the French. While all was thus confusion, while the citizens were engaged in extricating the mangled bodies of the victims from the ruins of the buildings overthrown by the explosion, the second grand attack was made on the Portillo. The storm of shot and shell that now poured upon the town was terrific: approach to the place of assault was almost certain death, for the enemy's fire swept the widened breach. In vain did their leaders strive to reanimate the panic-struck Saragozans, and induce them to face "the iron sleet:" but what the threats and entreaties of their officers could not accomplish, the heroic example of a woman achieved. It was now, while fear fell on the boldest hearts, and paralyzed their energies, that Augustina Saragoza won her fame—a fame inseparably connected with the immortal glory of her native city. Throughout the siege she had distinguished herself as the most daring of that devoted band of women, who, headed by the young and

graceful Countess Burita, were found wherever the danger was greatest. Undismayed she viewed the scene of carnage, from which the sternest veteran might have recoiled with untarnished reputation, and waving her sword above her head, and cheering on the now dispirited citizens, she sprang upon the ramparts to die by the side of her gallant husband. She reached the post of danger; it was, alas! but to see the cherished of her heart writhing on the ground in agony, a mangled corse. One look at that beloved face, now distorted by convulsive throes—one glance at the hated foe who had robbed her of life's dearest tie, and—while the match, which she had snatched from her husband's quivering fingers, discharged the missiles of death among the rapidly advancing columns—the shrill tones of a widow's curse mingled with the thunder of the report. Alone she stood, undaunted and unscathed: her appalled townsmen rallied at the sight; the crisis was past, and the vanquished victors fled,

"Foil'd by a woman's hand before a batter'd wall."

Thus was Saragoza saved. The summer rolled away—winter came—and the doomed city was again assailed. Saragoza fell: but fell as became her, nobly, gloriously, fighting to the last—her mouldering walls and crashing roofs re-echoing, "Guerra! guerra al Cuchillo!" "War! war to the knife!"

"Then Saragoza, blighted be the tongue,
That names thy name without the honour due!
For never hath the harp of minstrel rung
Of faith so fully proved, so firmly true!
Mine, sap, and bomb, thy shattered ruins knew;
Each art of war's extremity had room;
Twice from thy half-sacked streets the foe withdrew,
And when at length stern fate decreed thy doom,
They won not Saragoza, but her children's bloody tomb."

In the death-struggle of this second siege, Augustina again appeared conspicuous. At her favourite post, the Portillo, she stood by the cannon which she had so nobly served in the former siege; and said to Palafox, as she coolly levelled the gun at the enemy's ranks, "You see, General, I am with my old friend once more."

Her history is now emblazoned in the annals of Spain, as indelibly as that of the City of the Pillar: the name of Augustina breathes fresh life into that of Cæsarea Augusta, and the town that she so gallantly assisted in defending, has decked with an epithet of glory in its own undying name

T. Allom. J. Cousen.

LOCH LOMOND FROM BELOW TARBET.

(Dumbartonshire.)

LOCH LOMOND.

Land of the Gael, widely has spread the fame
Of thy deep water-floods, and mountains old,
And silver lochs, all radiant in the sun;
And none, Loch Lomond, none more famed than thee,
Thou gem of waters, with thy fairy isles
Sleeping upon thy breast, and yielding back
From thy far depths unto the summer sky,
Bright mirror'd paintings of soft mossy banks,
And bending branches, and tree crested rocks,
Glad things of mem'ry, when the wand'rer's gaze
Is turned to other scenes in other lands.
Oft at the gloaming, has my little bark
Stolen along thy wave, with gentle prow,
Thy dreams scarce breaking, and thy loveliness
Has sunk into my soul, a picture sweet
To be remember'd ever.

I have heard
Of all the wizard tales, that times gone by
Have left us of thy waters; finless fish,
And sudden billows, where no wind has burst,
And submerged houses, and that floating isle
That must have been the sportive Naiad's home,
Beaming so bright with beauty, when thy waves
Their magic portals op'd, and it leap'd forth
To gladden in the sun, and feel the breath
Of day amid its leafy tresses steal,
Till at its hour it sank to night again.
Thou art so lovely, not a bay or nook,
Or shelt'ring cove, but has its pleasant thought,
And visions bright bring back Camstradden sand,
And dear old quiet Luss, and lofty Ben,
With sometime smiling brow, but frequent more
Wrapt in the storm cloud, and those sunny isles
Inchmurrin, and Inchlonaig, where the deer
With conscious eyes have watch'd the passing boat,
Safe in the home their lords have made them there,
And peaceful Tarbet, and still Inverglass,
With the lofty hills closing around them,

Verdant and varied; here green with foliage,
There brown with heather, and here grey with rocks,
While stretching far away thy wide expanse
Grows narrow in the distance, as the shores
Shut in thy glassy waters.

Legends dim
Drawn from the rough old times still linger o'er thee,
When the wild Gregors, children of the mist,
Were lords of fell and flood, ere naked glaive
Or burning brand had left them shelterless,
Outlaws from their old homes, save that lone spot,
Across Ballomahaw, where sleep their dead.

Oh! I have seen thee, when the smiling morn
Has waked thy slumbers up, and dazzling beams
Have shot across thee, while the lofty brow
Of proud Ben Lomond still its shadow cast
Upon thy early wave; again at sunset,
When the glowing west in gorgeous beauty
Poured forth a flood of light, of dying light,
On hill and vale around, and cloud on cloud,
With every changing hue from gold to grey,
Was pillar'd in the sky, till night came down
And veil'd thy face in darkness. I have watch'd
The tempest sweep thy bosom, the "blue belt"
Circling thy waters, telling long before
The storm burst on thee, how its rage would dash
Thy billows up, and then the thunder crash,
Echoing in the hills, and the big rain
Plashing among the rocks, swelling the streams
To cat'racts as they swept the mountain side,
And leap'd upon thy breast.

And now farewell,
Thou hast great rivals, yet with thee can vie
No mighty waters of this western clime,
Not blue Ontario, nor the crystal wave
Of far Superior, nor Erie wild,
Nor storm-tost Huron with its rocky isles.
Thine is a sweeter beauty, mem'ries old
Light up thy wildness, and my hope shall be,
Once more to stand beside thee ere I die,
And welcome thee, as exiles welcome home.

DESTRUCTION OF THE ARMY OF CAMBYSES:

TRANSLATED FROM A LATIN PRIZE POEM.

A tropic dawn! the crimson rays
  Stream'd o'er the Libyan wild,
On a thousand helms the fiery blaze,
  Propitious lustre smiled.

Encamp'd upon the arid plain
  Lay Persia's chivalry;
And each white tent shook to a manly strain
  Of martial revelry.

'Mid the fresh laugh, the tuneful notes
  Breathed from the Tyrian flute,
And soft on the desert-echo floats,
  The voice of the Lydian lute.

High sounded there the vauntful boast,
  As foam'd the ruddy wine;
Already parted 'mong the host
  Was Ammon's pillaged shrine.

With flashing eye the warrior Mede
  His deeds of arms retold;
The Parthian praised his desert steed,
  His storm-wing'd hoofs extoll'd.

The nimble mule uncinctured stood,
  Nor pannier's weight she felt;
Unburthen'd, by his pond'rous load
  The Bactrian camel knelt.

And tether'd 'neath th' oppressive blaze,
  The sand the war-horse spurn'd,
As the wide waste echoed to his neighs,
  For the clash of arms he burn'd.

Now higher rode the gorgeous sun,
  Faint blew the south-wind mild;
When death-fraught din, the banquet done,
  Peal'd distant o'er the wild.

Up rose they all; the rolling drum
  And brazen cymbal's clang,
Amid a hoarse deep-mutter'd hum,
  In harsh discordance rang.

They paused—and silent stood the bands:
  "Look, look! the camel high
"His nostrils to the breeze expands!"—
  The rushing storm swept by.

The bright heav'n reel'd, in mournful wail
  The beasts instinctive cry,
And borne on a fiery gust, a veil
  Of blackness wrapp'd the sky.

As pines upon some mountain's side
  Beneath the woodman's stroke,
So fell the tents; and far and wide
  Shrieks through the clangour broke.

The desert heav'd: its sable wings
  A pitchy darkness spread,
And forms uncouth, and ghastly things
  Scream'd requiems o'er the dead.

Where now the jest, the laughter gay,
  The boast, the lute's soft air?
The camel's cry, the steed's proud neigh,
  The clanging clarion—where?

Still'd lay the sands: the red sun cast
  His rays on a shapeless heap—
Ask the simoom, the whirlwind's blast,
  Where the Persian warriors sleep.

OLYMPIA.

OLIMPIA.

" Onward sweep the varied nations !
Famine long hath dealt their rations.
To the wall with hate and hunger,
Numerous as wolves and stronger,
On they sweep. Oh ! glorious city !
Must thou be a theme for pity ?
Fight like your first sire, each Roman !
Alaric was a gentle foeman,
Match'd with Bourbon's black banditti !
Rouse thee, thou eternal city :
Rouse thee, rather give the torch
With thine own hand to thy porch,
Than behold such hosts pollute
Your worst dwelling with their foot."

BYRON.

There seems to be almost a disruption of familiar and settled ideas, when we look upon ROME in any other point of view, than that of a city which once enjoyed a prescriptive right to eminence, dominion, and conquest. The traveller, endowed to any extent with classic taste and feeling, who is fortunate enough to visit the banks of the Tiber—to accomplish " this great fact in an individual's life," as it has been rightly termed—is usually borne by the local inspiration of the scene, to all that is charming in literature, or illustrious in martial renown. The past comes back to the mind, instinct, for the most part, with the enthusiasm, caught from the perusal of the glowing pages, on which genius has recorded the wondrous career of Roman triumph, and perpetuated its own imperishable glory.

Not ancient Rome alone, but even Rome of the middle ages, has been supplanted by modern changes; yet still amid mouldering ruins, which proclaim the decay of great things never to be restored, it is to the hardy and venturous legion, the Roman Eagle's unfaltering flight, that the thoughts chiefly revert, and the "vestiges of history" are generally arranged so as to form the glorious spectacle of the crowned General, the applauding multitude, and

——" The wheels of triumph,
Which with their laurelled train,
Move slowly up the shouting streets,
To Jove's eternal fane."

The reverses of Rome, however, have been as signal as her victories. Her young strength was prostrated by the Gaul at " the luckless Allia "—the city wasted by the fire and sword of the fell barbarian—and her household gods shivered on her hearth.

And, when her sinews had relaxed from their early vigour, and her bold spirit was fading away, the wild tribes of the North, following in the steps of Brennus, possessed themselves of the treasures of Rome with almost as much ease as they had trodden down the vineyards of Italy. The name of OLIMPIA calls us to another era of suffering and of shame.

The sun, as he sank behind the majestic dome of St. Peter's, on the evening of the 5th of May, 1527, looked down upon an unwonted sight—within the City, the hurry and confusion of hasty preparations for defence mingled with wild terror and dismay—without, dense masses of infuriated troops, pressing onward to their positions beneath the walls, with the ferocity of wolves longing to rush upon their prey. Germans, Spaniards, and Italians filled the ranks of that fierce and desperate army, and at their head was the traitor to his king and to his country, Charles of Bourbon. Amid the carousal of the night, as they impatiently awaited the approach of the dawn, their song was

"With the Bourbon we'll mount o'er
The walls of old Rome,
And who then shall count o'er
The spoils of each dome?
Up! up! with the lily!
And down with the keys!
In old Rome the seven-hilly
We'll revel at ease.
Her streets shall be gory,
Her Tiber all red,
And her temples so hoary,
Shall clang with our tread.
Oh, the Bourbon, the Bourbon,
Sans country or home,
We'll follow the Bourbon
To plunder old Rome."

On the following morning the assault was commenced, led by the Constable in person, arrayed in a robe of white tissue over his armour, in order, as he said, that both friend and foe might the more easily recognize him. But the defenders of the city gallantly maintained their posts, and the assailants were repulsed. At this critical moment, when his troops were falling back, the fearless Bourbon himself rushed forward, placed a ladder against the wall, and was preparing to mount it, when a bullet struck him, and he fell mortally wounded. Thus were realised the prophetic words, which had been addressed to him on the field of Rebec, by that gallant knight—"on whose grave," it has been justly and happily remarked, "the sun of chivalry shed his last and sweetest rays." "Remember," exclaimed the dying Bayard to the victorious Constable, as the latter generously expressed his deep grief for the sad condition of his opponent, "Remember, my Lord of Bourbon, that the death of all who have borne arms against their country has been tragical."

According to the direction, which Bourbon had given before he expired, a cloak was thrown over his body, to conceal his death from the soldiers; but the intelligence soon spread through his troops. The assault was renewed with a fury, which could not be withstood; the city was taken, and the Pope compelled to fly for refuge to the Castle of St. Angelo.

From the minute account, which Guicciardini gives of the frighful scenes that followed the entrance of the soldiers within the walls, we learn that neither dignity, age nor sex were regarded in the indiscriminate slaughter and pillage, which ensued. Cardinals, first plundered and stripped, and then paraded through the streets amidst jeers and scoffs—prelates, set upon asses or mules and led along to be mocked and derided—nobles tortured to disclose the places in which they had secreted their treasures—nuns torn from their convents—females dragged from the altars of the churches, in which they had vainly hoped to find refuge from their pursuers—the Host, and the relics of the saints, scattered on the ground and trodden under foot, and every barbarity committed which the unrestrained passions of fiends in human form suggested. In that part of the Vatican, in which the noble frescoes of Raffaello are displayed, a guard was stationed; and the smoke of the fires, kindled by the soldiers, imparted to those relics of unrivalled genius an obscurity which has anticipated by many years the defacement of natural decay.

"Rome," says Robertson, "was never treated with so much cruelty by the barbarous and heathen Huns, Vandals, or Goths, as now by the Christian subjects of a Catholic monarch."

Whilst the Imperialists were perpetrating these hideous outrages in Rome, and the unhappy Pontiff, reduced to the last extremity in his ill-chosen retreat, was forced to capitulate, accept the severe conditions imposed on him, and remain a prisoner until they were performed, the Emperor was endeavouring to screen himself from the odium which the conduct of his generals and their troops was calculated to draw upon him from all Christendom. He declared that the Bourbon had assaulted Rome without his knowledge—put on mourning to demonstrate his grief—and, with characteristic hypocrisy, ordered prayers to be offered throughout Spain for the deliverance of the Holy Father from a prison, in which his Most Catholic Majesty himself kept him confined.

Lord Byron has woven into an impassioned drama, the tragical incidents of that troublous time. The accompanying engraving represents one of the scenes in that play. Olimpia, the daughter of a Roman Patrician, has fled from the pursuit of some soldiers to the church of St. Peter's—from the altar she has grasped a massive crucifix, and is preparing to cast it on the head of the nearest of her pursuers. The character of Olimpia is probably wholly ideal, and yet as "the Colonna's palace"

is called "her father's house," some have identified the dramatic personage with the Vittoria Colonna, that adorned this period, to whom the Muse, no less than the Graces, had been indulgent. Her personal attractions were so extraordinary, that she was generally known by the name of "the most beautiful and glorious lady." It is said that such was her singular loveliness that Michael Angelo regarded her with the attachment due to a being "too fair to worship, too divine to love." We have no means of discovering whether Olimpia, the fair daughter of Colonna's lordly house, is a copy of this exquisite model; but, however, the character is equally consistent and commanding. We can discover in her the patrician's virtuous and heroic child, animate with all the undying fortitude of her noble ancestry, just as clearly as we recognize in the violence with which she is threatened, the lawlessness of men drunken with success, and influenced by no moral principle higher or purer than the example of a leader, of whom it was declared by a high-spirited Spaniard, who had been requested to permit him to reside in his palace, "If the Duke of Bourbon enters my house, I shall set fire to it, when he is gone, as a place infected by treason, and unfit for men of honour."

THE END.

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